Ser Vp.

Ro. Whither to supper.

Ser. To our house.

Ro. Whose house?

Ser. My Maisters.

Ro. Indeede I should haue askt you that before.

Ser. Now Ile tell you without asking. My Maister is the great rich *Capulet*, & if you be not of the house of *Mountagues*, I pray come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry.

Ben. At this same auncient feast of *Capulets*,
Sups the faire *Rosaline* whom thou so loues:
With all the admired beauties of *Verona*,
Goe thither and with vnattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall shew,
And I will make thee thinke thy swan a crow.

Ro. When the deuout religion of mine eye,
Maintaines such falshood, then turne teares to fire:
And these who often drownd, could neuer die,
Transparent Heretiques be burnt for liers.
One fairer then my loue? the all seeing Sun
Nere saw her match, since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut, you saw her faire none else being by,
Her selfe poysde with her selfe in either eye:
But in that Christall scales let there be waid,
Your Ladies loue against some other maid,
That I will shew you shining at this feast,
And she shall scant shew well, that now shewes best.

Ro. Ile goe along no such sight to be showne,
But to reioyce in splendor of mine owne.

Enter Capulets *Wife and Nurse.*

Wife. Nurse wher's my daughter? call her forth to me.

Nurse, *Now by my maidenhead, at twelue yeare old I had her, come, what Lamb, what Lady-bird, God for bid, Wheres this Girle? what* Iuliet.

Enter Iuliet.

Iuliet. How now who calls?

Nur. *Your mother.*

Iuli.

Iuli. Madam I am here, what is

Wife. This is the matter. Nu
talke in secret. Nurse come ba
me, thou'se heare our counsell.
of a pretty age.

Nurse. *Faith I can tell her A*

Wife. Shees not fourteene.

Nurse. *Ile lay fourteene of my te*
I haue but foure, shees not fourtee
How long is it now to Lammas tid

Wife. A fortnight and odde d

Nurse. *Euen or odd, of all daies*
night shall she be fourteene. Susan *a*
were of an age. Well Susan *is with*
as I said on Lammas *Eue at night*
shee marrie, I remember it well,
eleuen yeares, and she was weand I
of the yeare vpon that day: for I h
dug sitting in the Sunne vnder the
you were then at Mantua, *nay I do*
when it did tast the worme-wood o
felt it bitter, pretty foole, to see it
Shake quoth the Doue-house, t was
and since that time it is a leuen year
nay bi'rood: she could haue runne
the day before she brok: her brow, a
his soule, a was a merry man, tooke
thou fall vpon thy face? thou wilt fa
wit, wilt thou not Iule? *And by m*
crying, and said I: to see now how a
and I shall liue a thousand yeares, I
not Iule *quoth he? and pretty foole it*

Old La. Inough of this, I pra

Nurse. *Yes Madam, yet I can*
should leane crying and say I: and ye
bumpe as big as a young Cockrels sto
bitterly. Yea quoth my husband, fa